

at she was two hundred feet away as he answered me:  
"I'll find the place! Poor, poor baby!"  
And when the relief came I told the boy and pointed to the bundle resting on the ground beside me.

[illegible]

as hard as a piece of wood;  
st bust out in a loud hooray,  
' kept right on his hard-head way.  
t once when the train was passin' by  
' the editor's child on the track—oh, my!  
n he rushed with the same don't care,  
ght in front of the engine there!

ild was saved!.... But where was Jim?  
th flamin' lanterns they looked for him,  
y the people trembled and held their  
breath!—  
nder the engine, crushed in death!"

County Roads.

ment has assumed national importance, and surely when one looks around at the state of the roads he cannot regret that the people are aroused on the subject. In fact, they have been too long indifferent and the awakening now is a harbinger of better times for both man and beast.

Is it too much to say that our country more backward in its civilization on a state of its public highway than in most any other direction? We have one along and built great cities, and developed in various ways.

But what of our country's roads? Let every farmer look about him and consider how his means of wagon transportation has been for the last few months. Must he not say, as he sur-

yses the facts, that he has been practically shut out from his nearest town for the reason of impassable roads? As a rule the country roads have been in such abominable shape that a man could not walk comfortably to the nearest village and the idea of going there with a loaded two-horse waggon as a thing not to be thought of.

Besides the discomfort and inconvenience of such roads, the farmer is often shut out from a good market. In this way farmers annually lose large sums of money. When their products

As farmers we go on, year after year, seeing the same muddy roads, and enjoying the same discomfort from them, and experiencing the same yearly loss, but to what profit? It would seem that we are not willing to take lessons of experience. But why should we not?

It seems to us that every farmer ought to resolve with himself and his neighbor to the end that the public roads shall be improved. There is money and comfort in hav-

But the farmers are not alone interested in the public road question. The

crenants of our cities as well should  
and their influence to this end. Their  
country trade during certain months is  
largely cut off by bad roads. They too  
could take a lively interest in the sub-  
ject of public road improvement.—Ex.

The Washington Post presents some interesting tax figures:  
For the next two years our Government will spend more than \$500,000,000.  
To pay one year's expenses of the

Nor can we do it with a year's pro-

Now, all this is the Federal tax. We have also to pay city, county, and state

We pretend to be a nation of plain people, no aristocracy, no princes, no standing army, and no expensive frills, and yet our taxes are more enormous than those of Austria, Germany or Great Britain.

When we calmly consider these facts and figures it must be admitted the outlook is not very encouraging. But such evils always lead to a reaction. The people will be forced by stern necessity to demand reform or revolution, and in a country like ours such a state of

**How to Keep Flies From Horses.**  
Bruise a bunch of smartweed until the juice exudes, and then rub the ani-

nal with the bruised weed, paying especial attention to the legs, neck and ears. This will keep the flies and other insects off the horse for twenty-four hours, when the process should be repeated. A strong infusion of the weed can be made by boiling it several

The meanest man on record is said to live in Center county, Penn. He told his son-in-law one-half a cow, and

The buyer was also required to provide the feed the cow consumed, and compelled to carry water to her three times a day. Recently the cow hooked the old man, and now he is suing his

Call and see that "Mammoth Cyclo-  
edia."

